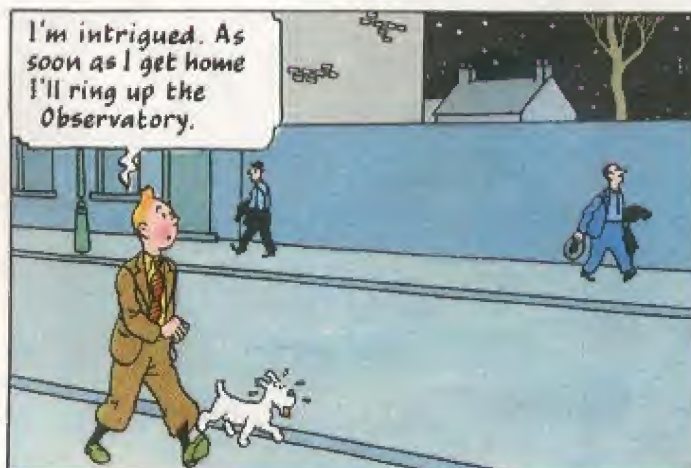
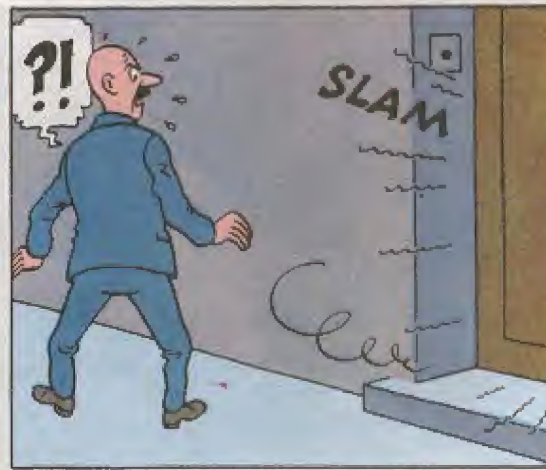
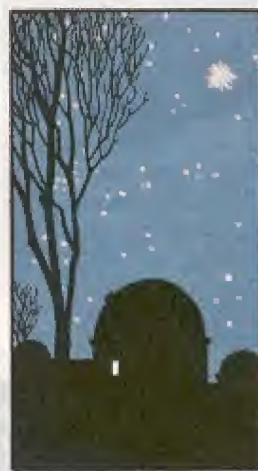
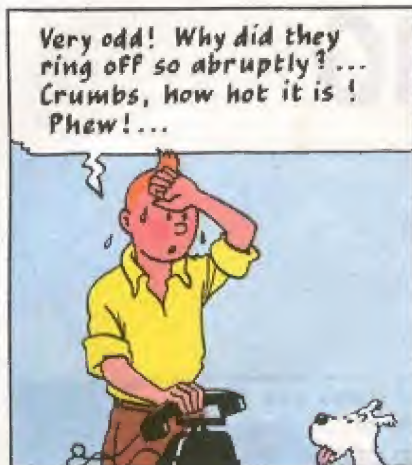


HERGÉ
THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN
**THE SHOOTING
STAR**



THE SHOOTING STAR





How strangely quiet and empty it all is... as if there weren't a soul...



Ah, there's somebody.



A judgement! Woe!

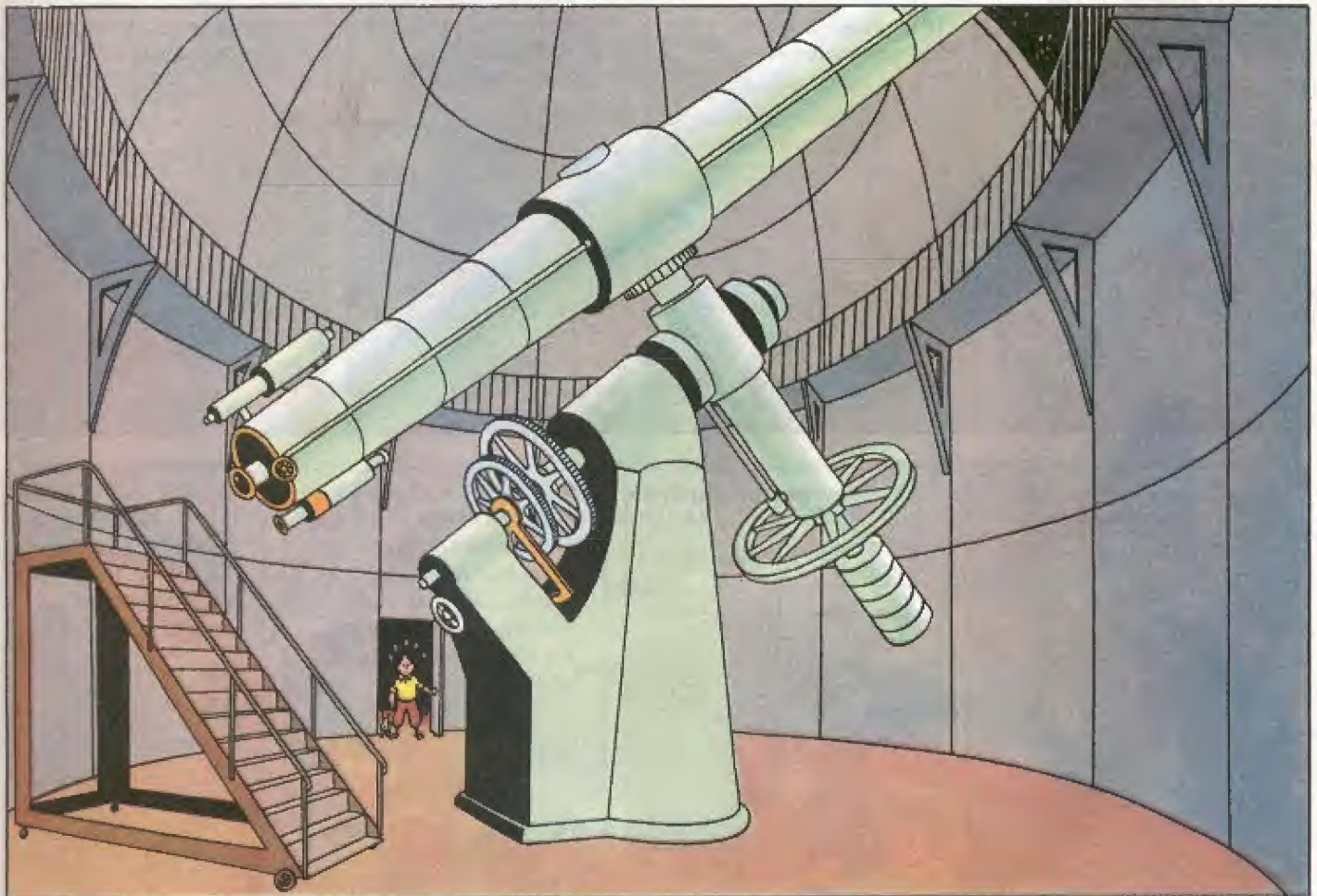
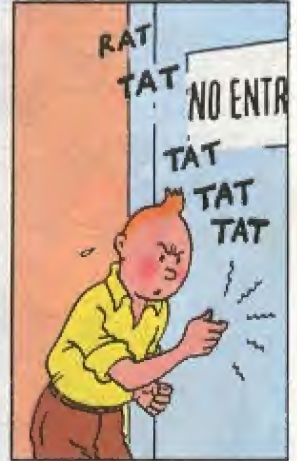
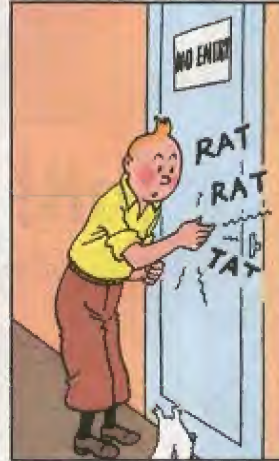


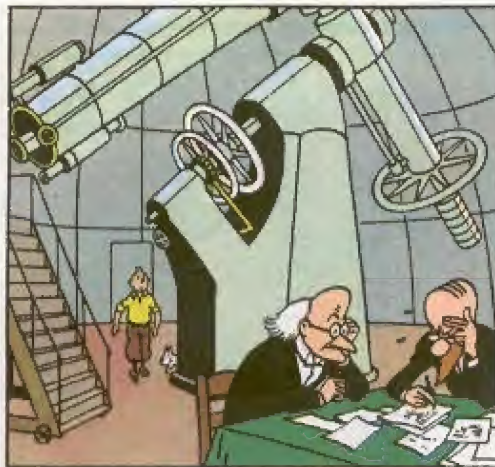
Excuse me, sir, could you tell me...

That's what I told them: "It's a judgement!"



A judgement! Yea!... A judgement, and don't you forget it!





Excuse me, I'm looking for the Director of the Observatory.

Ssh! It's me!

It's me, but ssh!... Silence! Don't disturb my colleague; he's deep in some very complicated mathematics. While he's finishing, have a look through the telescope, if you like; it's a worth seeing.



Let's have a look.



OH!



Good heavens, sir! It's horrible ... horrible!

Yes, in one sense it's horrible...



It's enormous! Simply enormous!

Enormous, yes!



And its hairy legs! ... It makes me shiver to think of them!

Its legs? ... What legs?

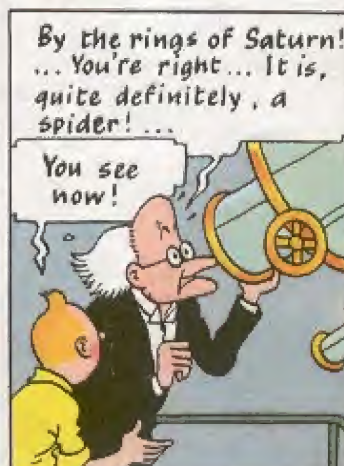


What legs? ... Why, belonging to that gigantic spider ...

Spider? ... Is this your idea of a joke, young man?



Come and see for yourself!



By the rings of Saturn! ... You're right ... It is, quite definitely, a spider! ...

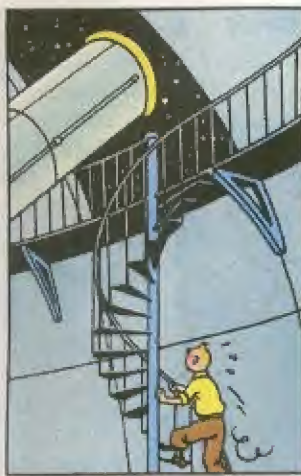
You see now!



How extraordinary! Extraordinary! ... It has characteristics of *Meta segmentata* ... At least ... No! It's an *Araneus diadematus*! An enormous *Araneus diadematus*!



Anyway, it's a spider! Ugh! What a monster! ... And it's travelling through space ... Supposing it ... ??



Hello, Professor... I've found the answer... It was a spider walking across the lens!... It's gone now...



A spider!... A harmless little spider! That's all it was, scaring them out of their wits!... This'll kill me!



Come and look now...



Well?



It looks like... It looks like a huge ball of fire...



It IS a ball of fire! ... A VA-A-A-A-AST ball of fire!



Yes, it's a gigantic mass of matter in fusion ...

But why is it growing bigger... before our very eyes?... Because it is growing, isn't it?



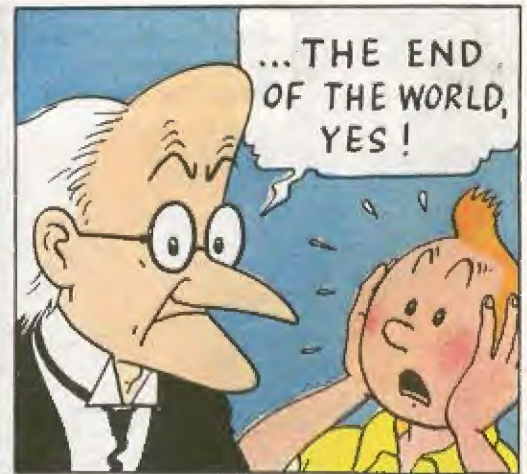
Naturally it's growing bigger - it's heading towards us, at an incredible speed.

Heading towards us?... But if it keeps on coming...?

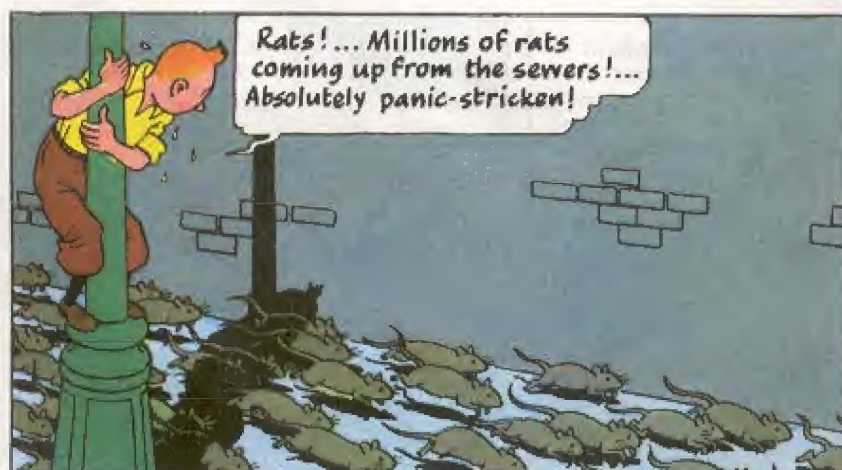
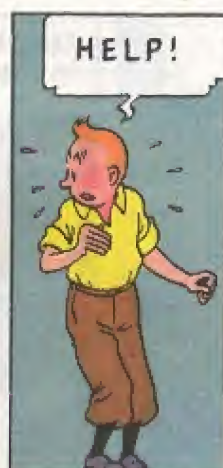


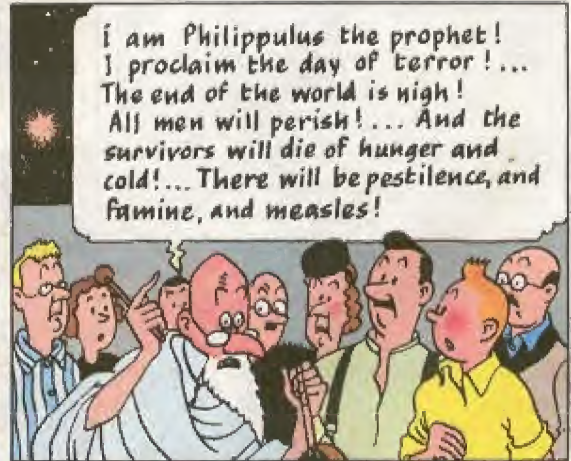
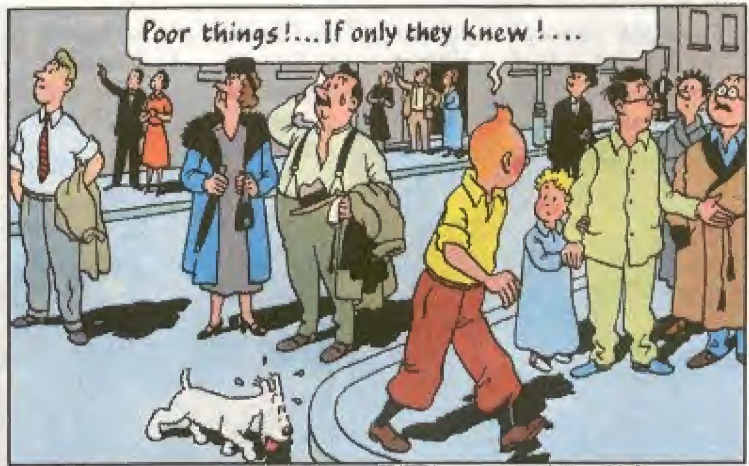
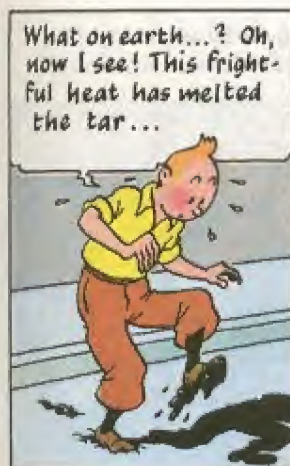
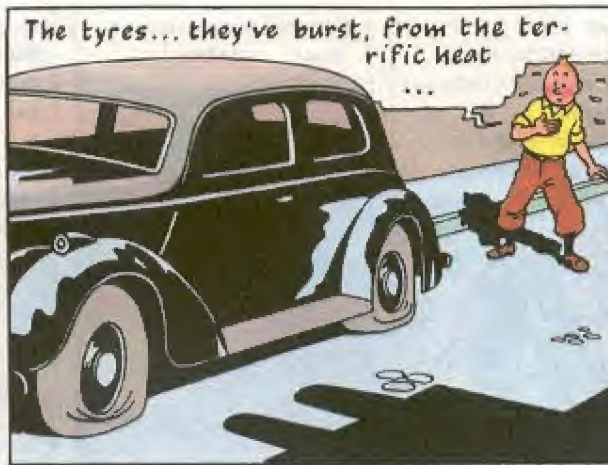
Yes!... That Fire-ball is going to collide with the Earth!

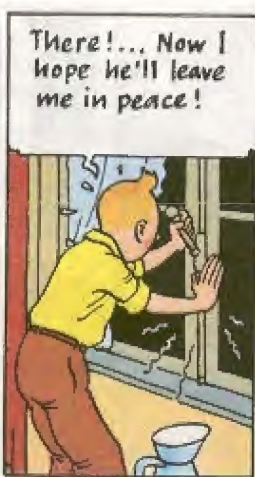
Great heavens! But that'll mean...

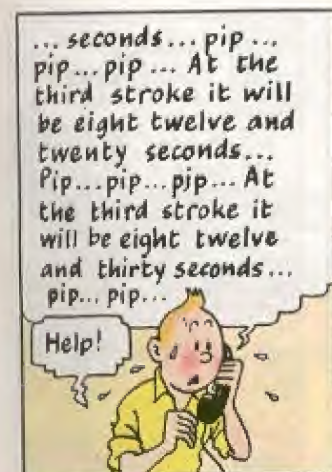
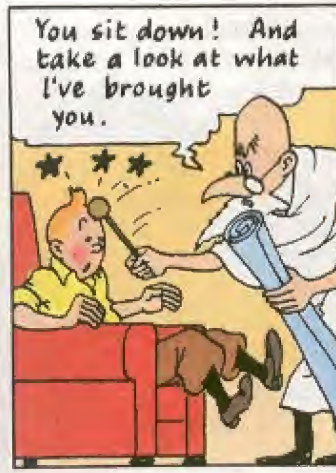
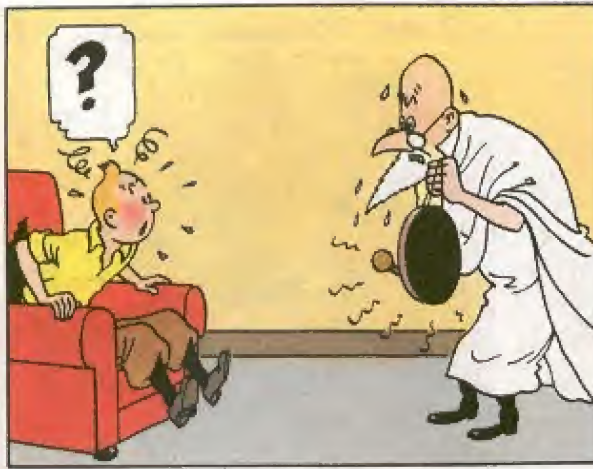


... THE END OF THE WORLD, YES!











The idiot! He made a mistake in his calculations! The meteor passed 48,000 km away from the earth, instead of colliding with it and causing the magnificent cataclysm I'd hoped for.

Never mind, Professor; you've still got it in store... But tell me: what about the earthquake?



Professor! ... Professor! ...



It has just been developed, sir. It is indeed remarkable, don't you agree, sir?

Excellent!... Excellent! ... But, look there. How very extra-ordinary!



That group of lines, in the centre? Uranium, I presume.

Uranium? Not on your life!...

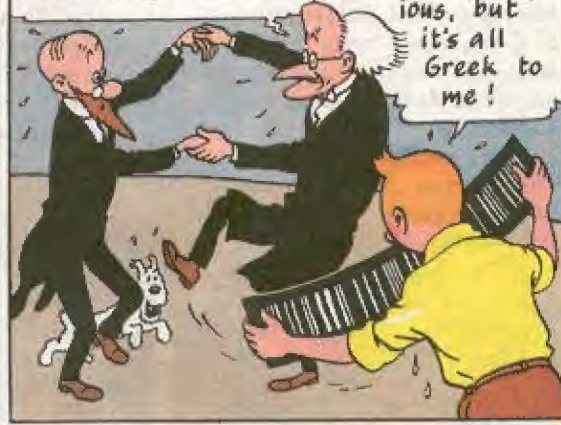


By the rings of Saturn! It's prodigious!



Tralala ♪ ♪ - la ♪

It may be prodigious, but it's all Greek to me!



It's prodigious!... Incredible!... Fantastic!... Stupefying!



My friends, I have made a sensational discovery! I have just detected a new metal!... A metal hitherto entirely unknown!



You've heard of the spectroscope. It's the instrument that enables us to discover elements in stars, elements not yet isolated here on the earth. This is a spectroscopic photograph of the meteor which brushed past us today. Each of these lines, or each group of lines is characteristic of a metal. Those lines in the centre represent an unknown metal, which exists in the meteor. You follow me?

Er... more or less ...



I, Decimus Phostle, have discovered a new metal! I shall give my name to it: phostlite.

My heartiest congratulations!



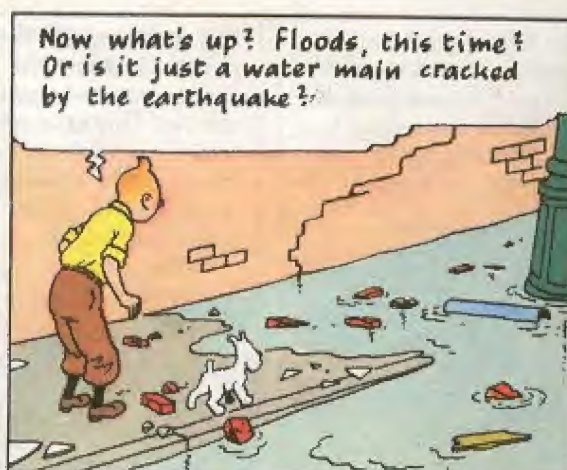
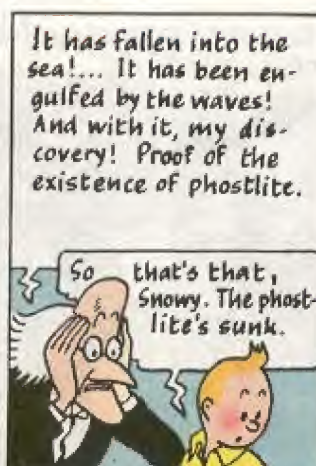
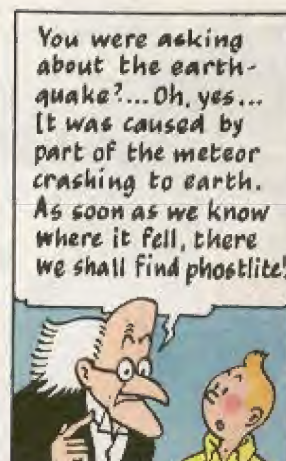
But Professor, to get back to the meteor... it didn't collide with the earth, so why was there an earthquake?

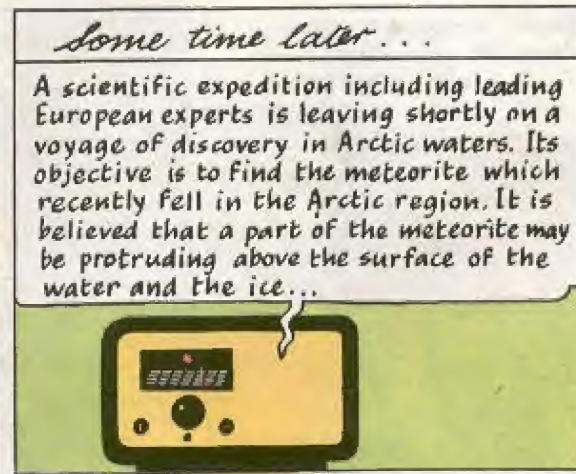
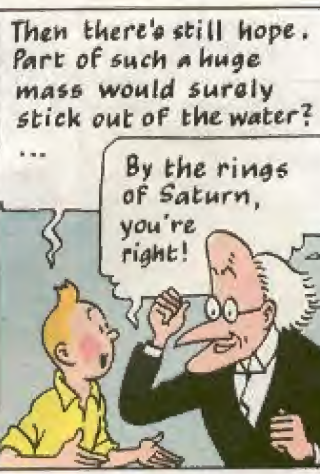
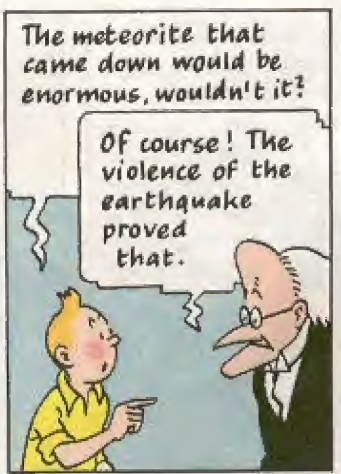
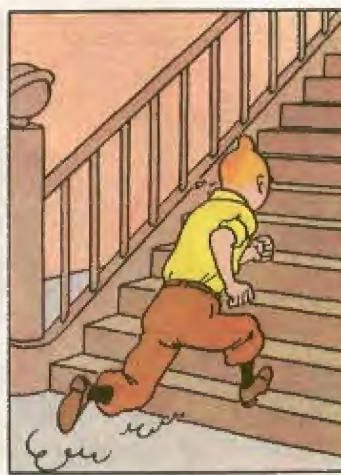


Tell me, young man, do you like bull's-eyes?

?









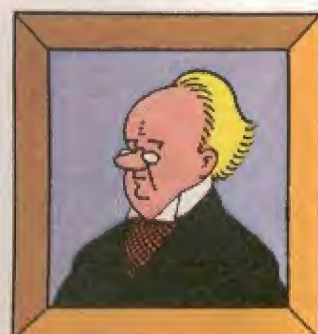
The expedition will be led by Professor Phostle, who has revealed the presence of an unknown metal in the meteorite. The other members of the party are:



... the Swedish scholar Eric Björgensköld, author of distinguished papers on solar prominences;



... Señor Porfirio Bolero y Calamares, of the University of Salamanca;



... Herr Doktor Otto Schulze, of the University of Munich;



... Professor Paul Cantonneau, of the University of Paris;



... Senhor Pedro Joás Dos Santos, a renowned physicist, of the University of Coimbra;

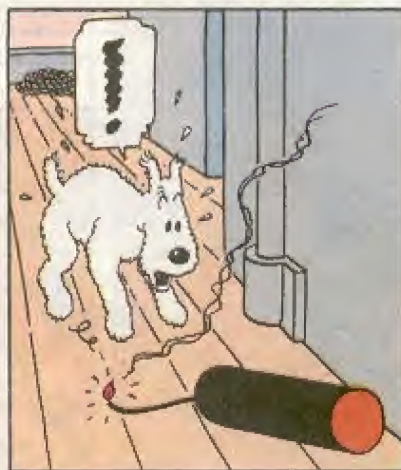
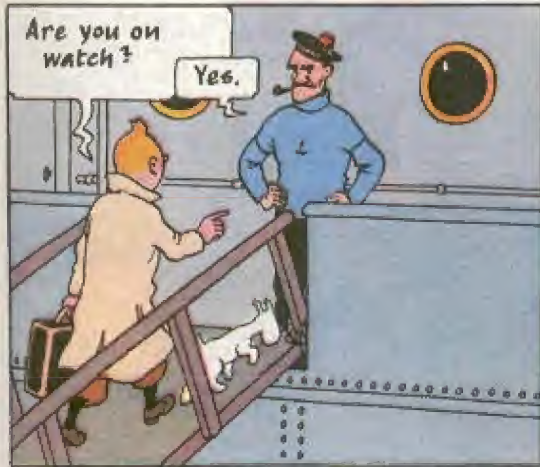
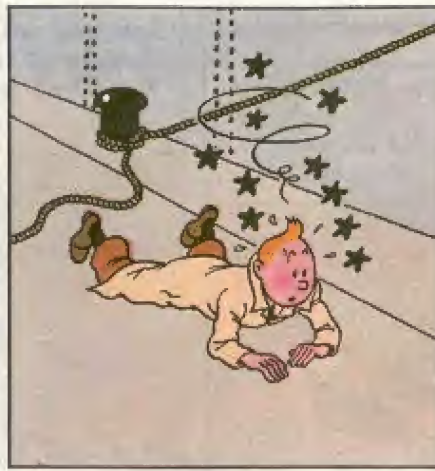
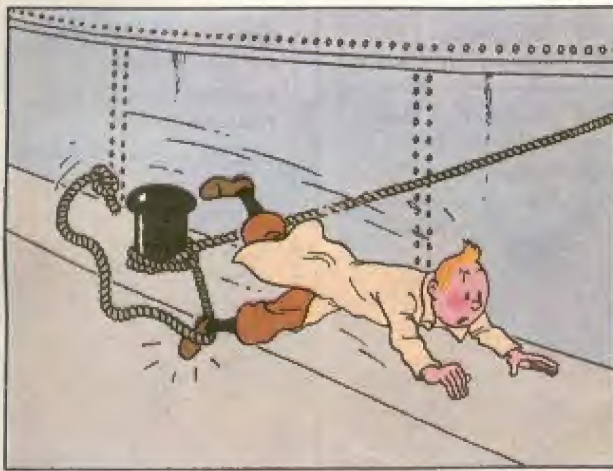


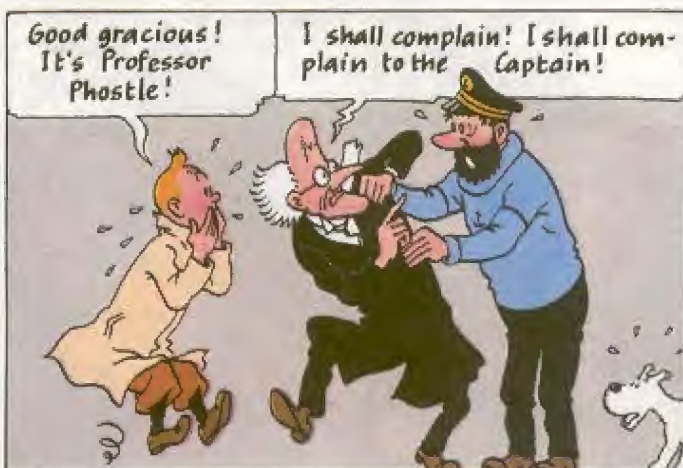
... Tintin, the young reporter, who will represent the press;

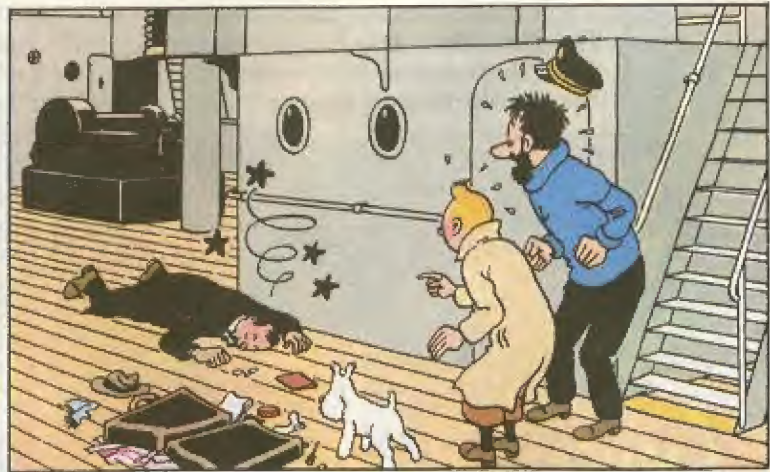
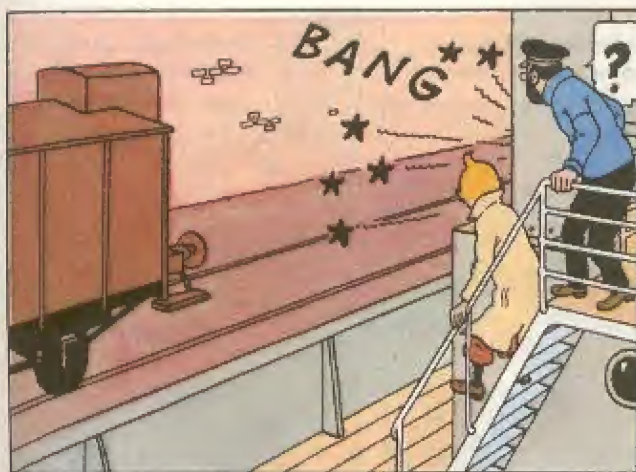
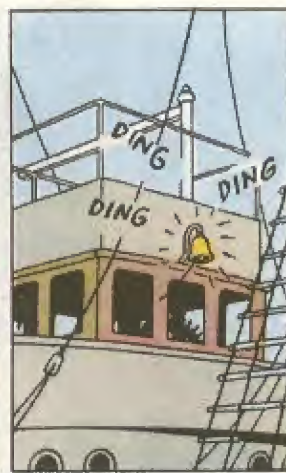
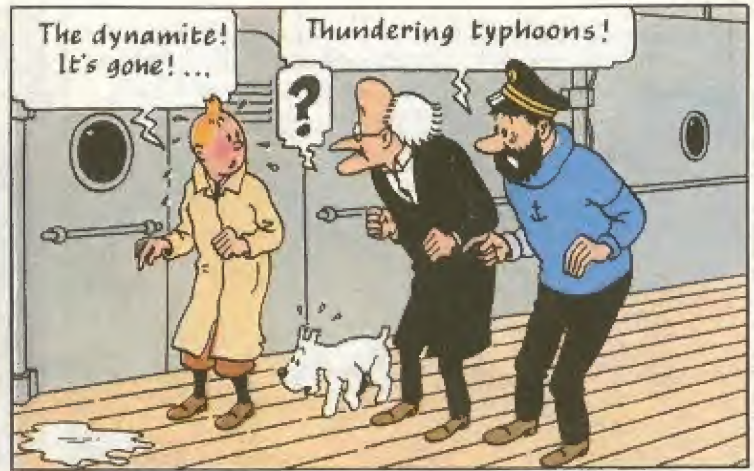


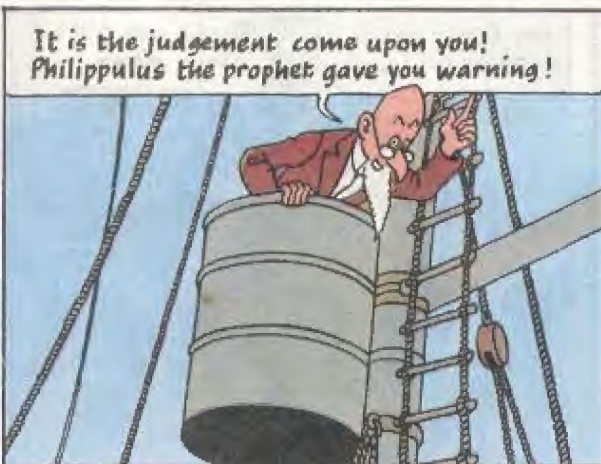
... and lastly, Captain Haddock, President of the S.S.S. (Society of Saber Sailors) who will command the "Aurora", the vessel in which the expedition will embark.

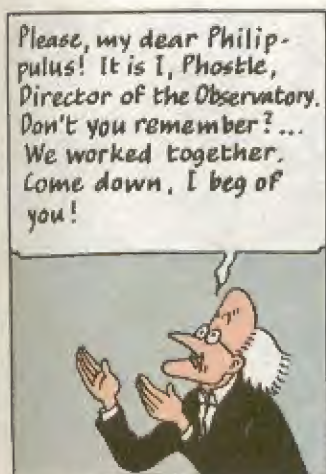
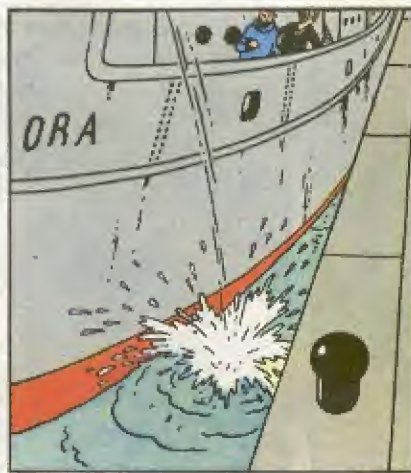
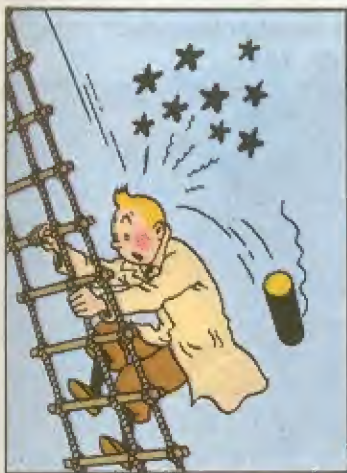












Come down, by thunder, or I'll have you clapped in irons!

Don't argue any more. I know how to bring him down



?



You'll see. He'll come down at once...



Hello, hello, Philippulus the prophet! This is your guardian angel, speaking from heaven. I order you to return to earth. And be careful: don't break your neck!



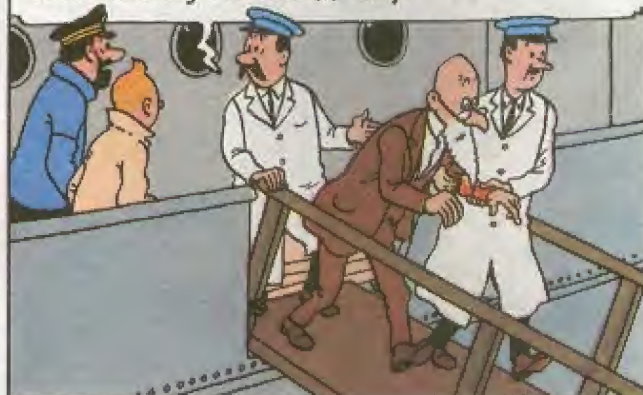
Yes, sir. At once, sir. Don't be angry, sir...



There he is!



He's a patient from the mental hospital. We've been looking for him all day.

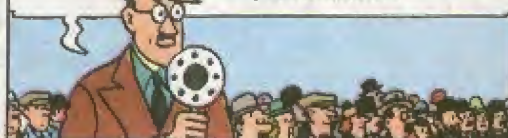


Next morning...

There's quite a crowd to see the "Aurora" sail.



And so, listeners, the moment of departure approaches. In a few minutes the "Aurora" will sail away, heading northwards, bound for Arctic waters. A little farewell ceremony is now taking place. The committee of the Society of Sober Sailors have just presented a truly magnificent bouquet of flowers to Captain Haddock, their Honorary President...



Goodbye, Captain, most worthy President. Never forget, the eyes of the whole world and the S.S.S. will be upon you. Good luck!



Excuse me, Captain. Shall we put them in your cabin?

Put what, my lad?



Those...



...and here's the President of the European Foundation for Scientific Research with the leader of the expedition, Professor Phostle, handing over the flag to be planted on the meteorite.



... I entrust this flag to you, Professor, confident that it will soon fly from the summit of the meteorite. I am sure you will find new metal, whose existence you have already announced.



Captain!
Captain!...



There's something funny going on...



Thundering typhoons!



Read this, Professor. My radio operator has just picked up this signal... He intercepted it quite by accident, while he was testing his equipment...



São Rico. The polar ship "Peary" sailed from São Rico yesterday evening on a voyage of exploration in Arctic waters. The "Peary" will try to find the meteorite which fell in that area and which, according to experts, contains an unknown metal...



They've stolen a march on us! They'll take possession of the meteorite! All is lost...



Tintin's right. We've still got a chance...



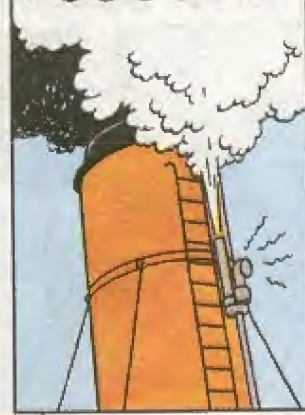
ALL HANDS ABOARD SHIP!... We sail at once!



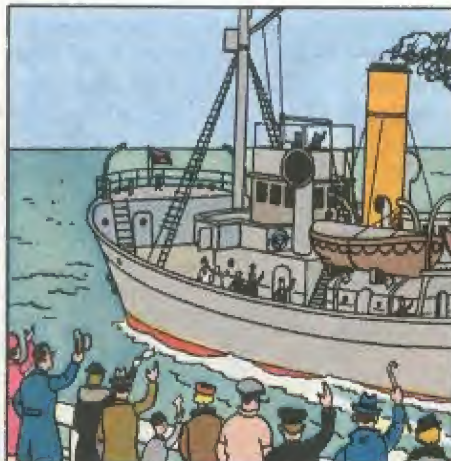
Stand by to cast off!



TOOOOOT



The last moorings have been cast off. This is the moment of departure... The ship is moving slowly away from the quay. The "Aurora" has sailed... Sailed away in search of a shooting star...



You have been listening to an eyewitness account of the departure of the polar research ship "Aurora". The programme was relayed through all European networks.

Ha! ha! ha! I wish them the best of luck!

You're quite sure that they won't succeed? ...



My dear fellow, you've been my secretary long enough to know that if the Bohlwinkel Bank has financed the "Peary" expedition, there is no question of failure. Believe me: the "Aurora" hasn't a chance.

I hope so, Mr. Bohlwinkel. But still...



Yes, I know the "Aurora" sailed sooner than I anticipated... The fault of that fool Hayward, bungling his job. But don't worry, I've taken care of everything...

Ah, good, good...



You see, my dear fellow, the scientific expedition is just a cover for my plan to take possession of this meteorite... and the unknown metal Professor Phostle was naive enough to tell us about. There's a colossal fortune waiting there for us. A colossal fortune, and I don't intend to lose it!



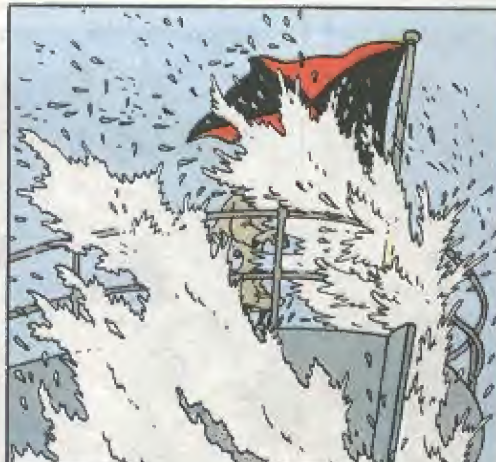
We're on our way, Snowy...

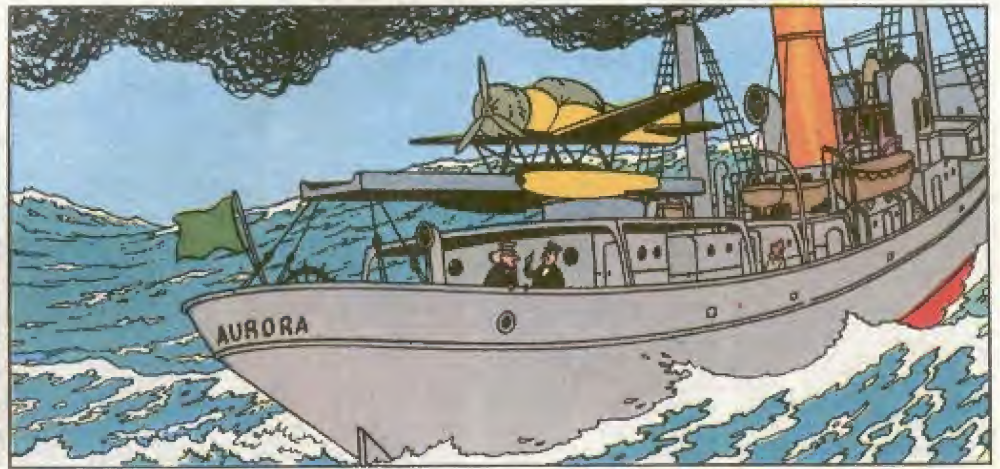
This will blow away the cobwebs, eh, Snowy? What wonderful air... the real tang of the sea!

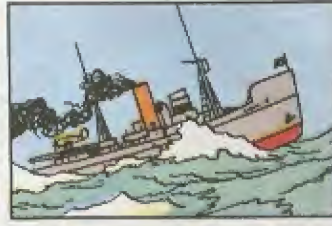
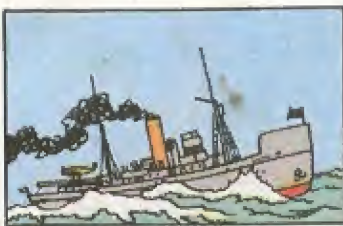
Yes, you can smell the fish...

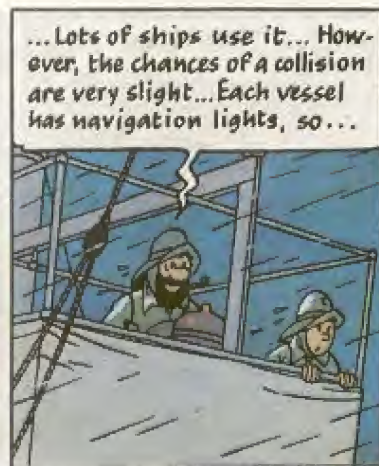
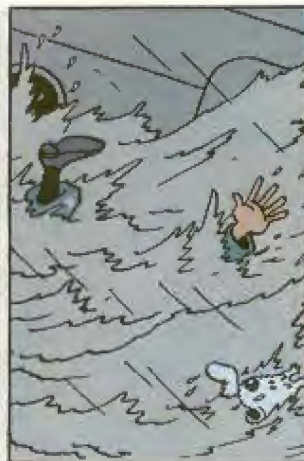
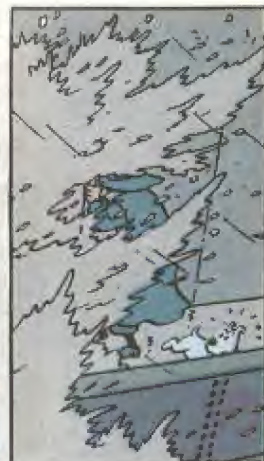


Do as I do, Snowy. Breathe deeply. Fill your lungs with fresh air.











Hard a star-board!...



Pirates!... Shipwreckers!...
Sea-lice!... Filibusters!...
Hoodlums!... Road-hogs!...
Freshwater swabs!

Saved!

The lunatic! A little bit closer and he'd have cut us in two... He must be crazy sailing like that, without any lights... He couldn't have judged it better if he'd meant to sink us.



And why not? That might be precisely what he intended.

What do you mean?

I mean, Captain,

that someone's already tried to sabotage the "Aurora"... the night before we sailed. The accident we just avoided looks remarkably like another attempt...



Thundering typhoons!... You're right!... But who on earth...?

Who would be anxious to prevent us carrying out our search? Who but the "Peary" expedition, or whoever has financed it?...



Is that the "Kentucky Star" this time?



S.S. Kentucky Star. Obeying orders received, attempted to sink Aurora. Operation mis-carried. Awaiting instructions.



They've failed! The bungling fools! Now we're back where we started!... But I'll get them yet!

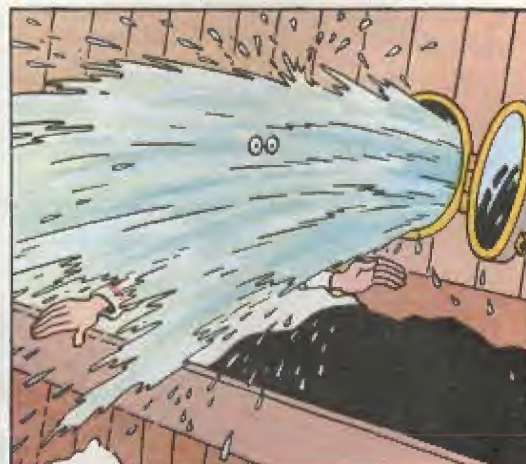


Oh, misery! I feel so ill! I feel horribly ill!



Do as you please... just let me die in peace.

Aaaah!... I feel better already.

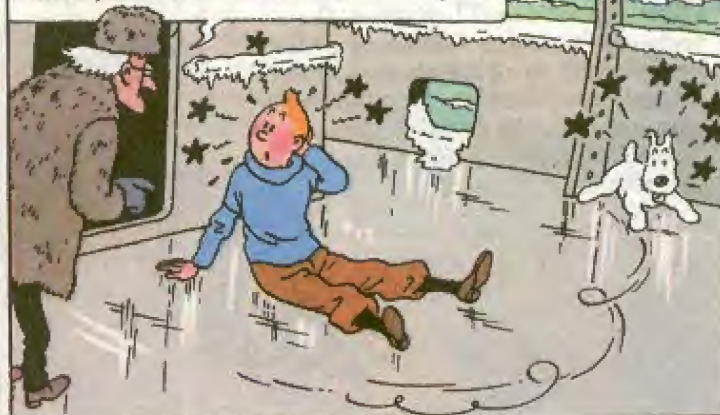


Some days later...

Brrr! It's cold this morning. It feels as if we're approaching the Arctic region.



Have you noticed? It froze last night.



You ought to put on warm clothes: you'll catch cold going about like that.

You're quite right.



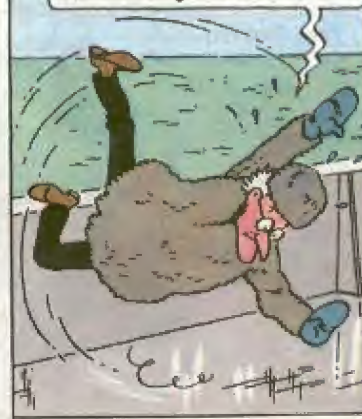
Come along, Snowy. We need our coats on.



I should have told him to be careful on the deck. This sheet-ice is really...



... dangerous!



Now we'll go and say good morning to the Captain.

I'm going to cause a sensation!



Here, send this by radio.

Aye, aye, Captain.



M.S. Aurora to President, E.F.S.R. In sight of Iceland. Putting into port at Akureyri, in Eyjafjörður, for re-fuelling. All well on board.



Here, Mr. Bohlwinkel: it's a message sent by the "Aurora" to the European Foundation for Scientific Research. Our wireless operator just intercepted it.

Give it me.



Aha!... They're putting in at an Icelandic port! Excellent! Excellent! I think, my dear Johnson, that their stay will be a long one... Let us begin by sending a short note. Take this down, Johnson...

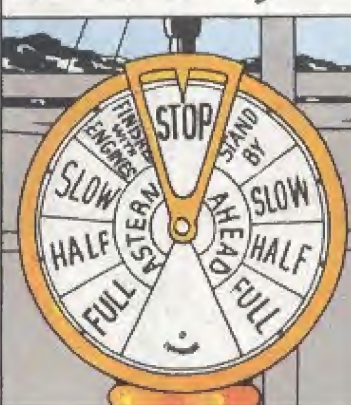
I'm ready, sir...



Bohlwinkel Bank to Smithers, general agent for Golden Oil, Reykjavik, Iceland. Circulate following order immediately to all agents for Golden Oil in Iceland: Absolute prohibition against refuelling polar vessel Aurora... There! Have that sent in the secret code.



The next morning...



So here we are in Akureyri. Shall we be staying here long, Captain?



Just long enough to fill up with oil. Then we set out for Greenland.



There, I'm going to order the fuel. It won't take a minute.



Good morning. I want my ship refuelled with oil.



Polar research ship "Aurora". Captain Haddock.



Oh!... I... I've bad news for you, Captain. I suddenly remembered, we haven't a drop of fuel oil in stock...



What's that you say? No fuel oil?... That's absurd! I've got to have oil, d'you hear?



That sounds like an argument...



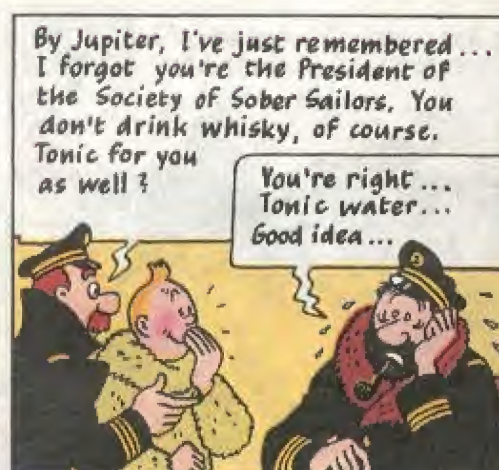
It's disgraceful, I tell you! Disgraceful!



Remember! On your own head be it!









Aaaaaaaah!...
The tonic in these parts
does you a power of
good!



Now, tell us your idea.

Look, where is your
ship moored?



Yes, where's she
moored, the
"Sisi"... the
"Sirius"?

Just astern of the "Aurora".

That's fine!... And you're
refuelling tomorrow morn-
ing?... Splendid!... Now,
listen...

Li-li-listen carefully,
Chester. This boy al-
ways has ex-x-x-
cellent ideas.



The next morning...



I say, Cap-
tain, d'you
think there's
a leak in
your tanks?
They don't
seem to be
filling.

O.K., O.K...
They're big
ones, that's
all. Keep
on pumping.



That's the lot, Captain! Our
tanks are full...



Will you send off this cable?

"Smithers, Golden Oil, Reykjavik.
Your orders carried out. Aurora
stays here until new instructions
received. Signed: Payne." That'll
be seven krón- ur.



Good. That's the
"Sirius" going out...



It's not the "Sirius"!
... It's the
"Aurora"!!





4 week later ...



This is where we are. We've crossed the 72nd parallel. You will confine your search to an area between 73 and 78 North, and 8 and 13 West... You understand?

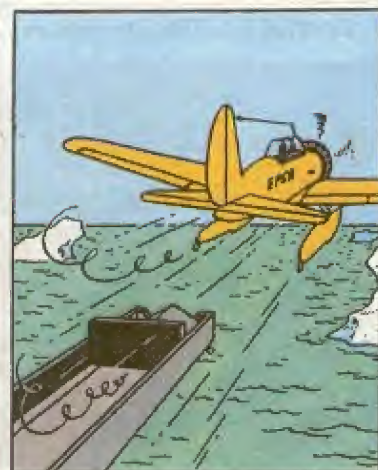
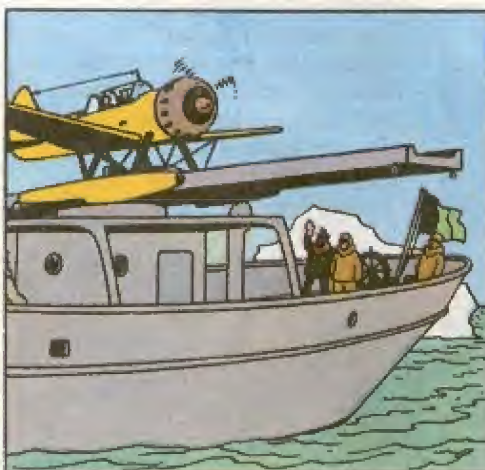


Right.

Above all, don't take risks: don't go beyond the limits we fixed.

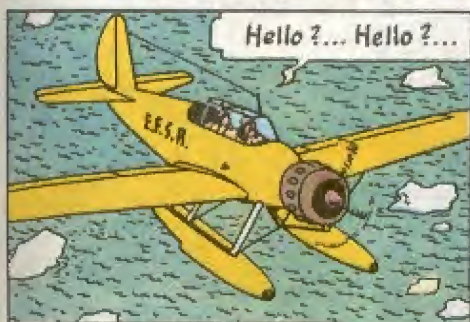


And don't forget to maintain contact by radio. Goodbye, and good luck. Keep your eyes skinned for the meteorite.



There they go...

Let's hope they don't run into any trouble.

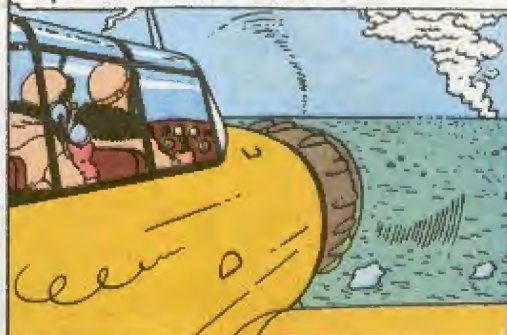


Hello?... Receiving you loud and clear... What?... You've seen something?

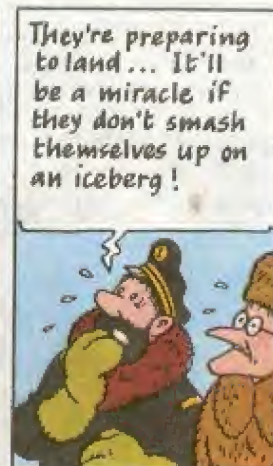
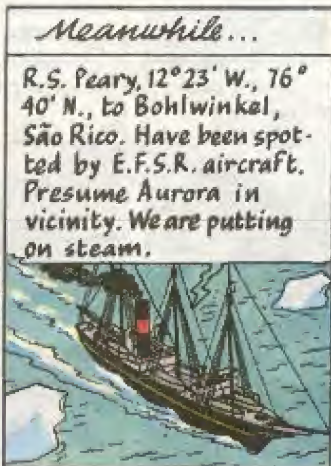
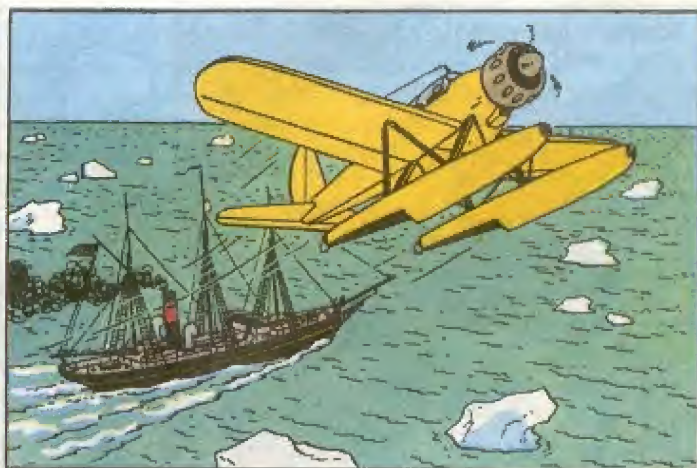
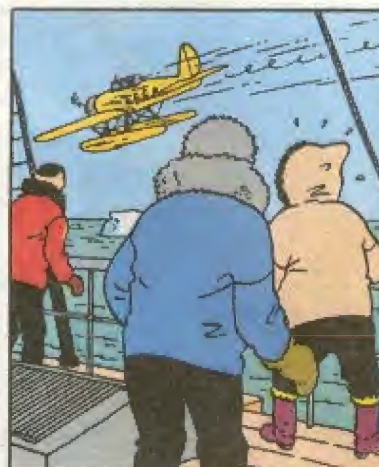
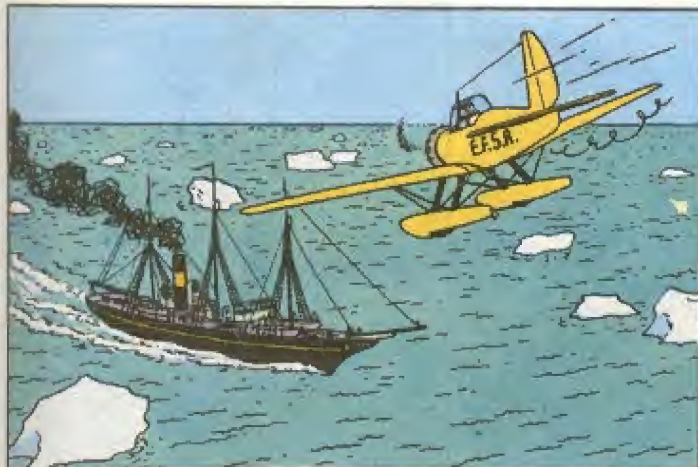
The meteorite?

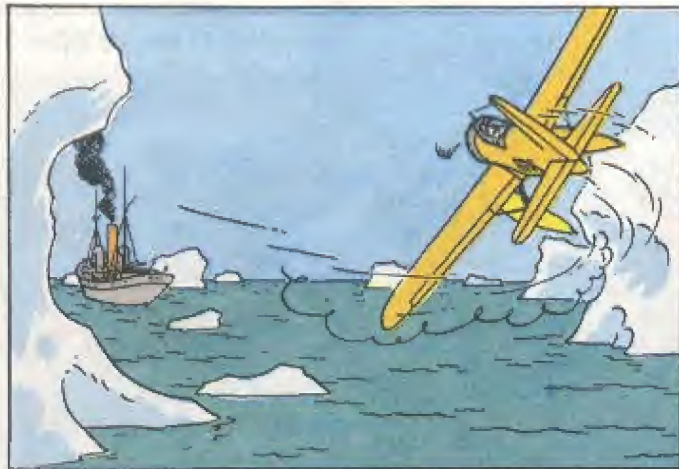


Something peculiar. The sky's quite clear. But there's a great column of white vapour rising from one spot about 20° East.









Look, the "Peary" is there... And this is our position. Our maximum speed is 16 knots. The "Peary" can't do more than 12 knots. We could therefore gain on them by 6 km each hour. They're 250 km ahead. So in 37½ hours we'd have caught up with the "Peary"...



Captain, we must try to overtake the "Peary"! ... This is no moment to throw up the sponge, just when victory is in sight.

Tintin's right; we must try, Captain.

That's all very fine! ... But to catch up 250 km! ...



Impossible!... It's quite futile to try. We're going to turn round and go home...



All right...er... I say, Captain, I'm frozen to death after that reconnaissance flight. I think I need a little whisky

Some whisky? You? ...er... I'll just see if there is any...



You'll have a glass with us, won't you, Captain?

You bet I will!



On second thoughts, I really do think the game is up. It'd be far better to give up the struggle...



Give up the struggle?... Never! ... Blistering barnacles, this is no moment to throw up the sponge, just when victory is in sight! Thundering typhoons! ... We'll show those P-P-Patagonian p-p-pirates what we can do! ... The l-l-lily-livered l-l-landlubbers!



Come on! We shall see what we shall see! ... Show a leg! On deck with you!



Get on with it, Chief! Thundering typhoons! jump to it!... Full speed ahead! The enemy have 250 km start on us: we've got to catch them up!



Cox'n at the wheel! Stick to your course. Steer North by East. And watch out for icebergs!



Noon next day...

Hooray!... There she is!...
That's smoke from the
"Peary"!



We're steaming faster
than she is!... We'll
overtake them this
evening, or during the
night.



Captain!...
A signal!



Read it!... This is the last straw!
... What are we going to do? Blistering
barnacles, what are we going to do?



Ask our scientists
to come to the
saloon. Tell them I
have important
news...



Gentlemen, I'd like to read you a signal we've just picked up.
It's a distress call. The text is disjointed, as if the trans-
mitter was damaged. Even the name of the ship is
incomplete.



S.O.S. S.O.S. S.O.S.
CIT... 70°45' N.,
19° 12' W. IN
COLLISION WITH
ICEB... TAKING
WATER IN FORDA..
..QUEST
ASSISTANCE
URGE...

There it is, gentlemen.
Either we can go to the aid
of this ship, and abandon
all hope of reaching the
meteorite before the
"Peary", or else we can
continue on our course,
and not answer this
call... It's up to you to de-
cide.

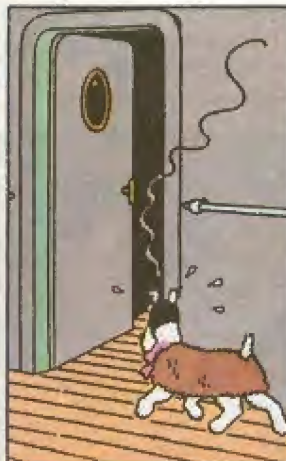


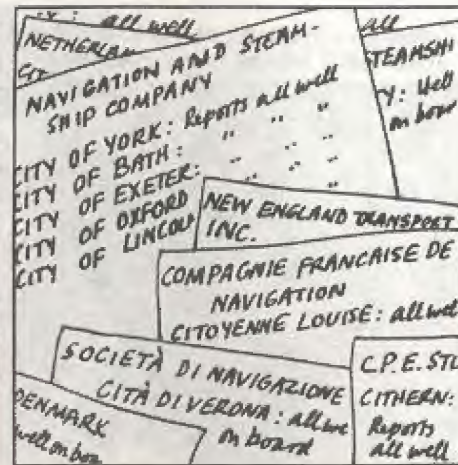
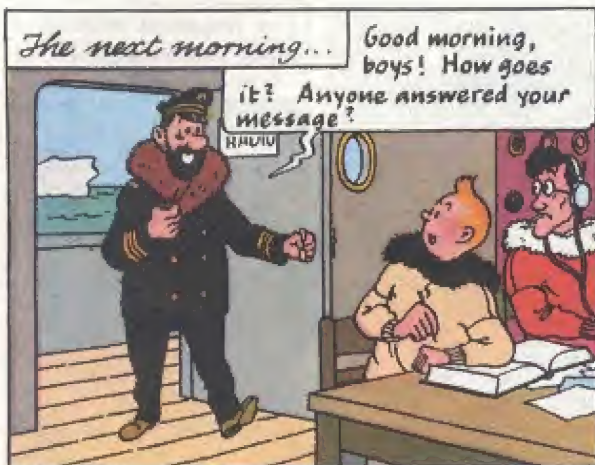
There's no question about it, Captain.
Human lives are in danger. We must
go to their aid, even if it does cost
us our prize...

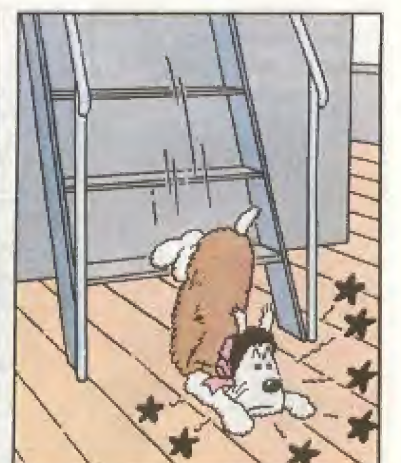
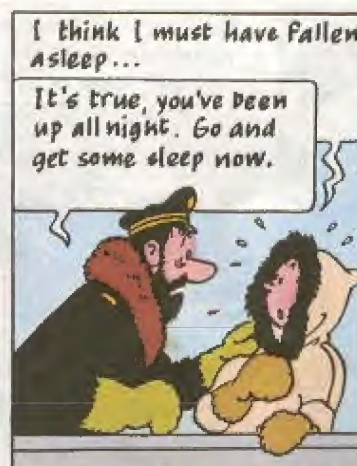
I was sure of your
answer, Professor.
We'll go about right
away

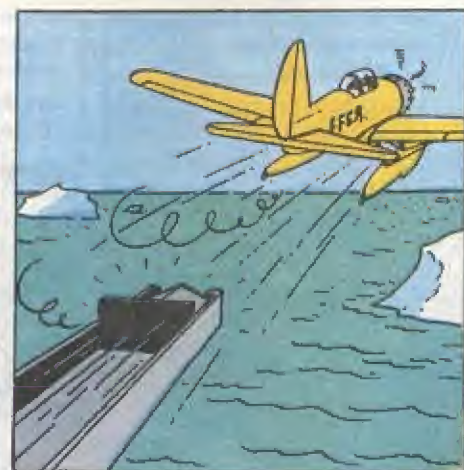
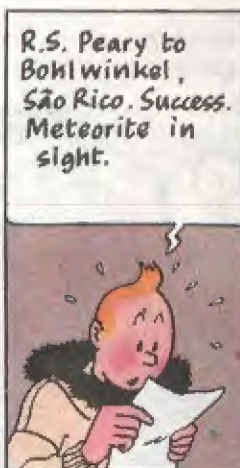
Bravo!



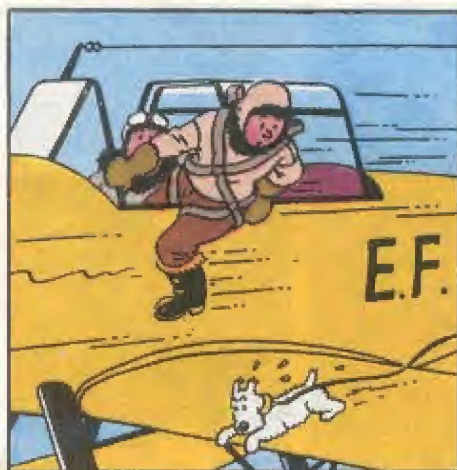
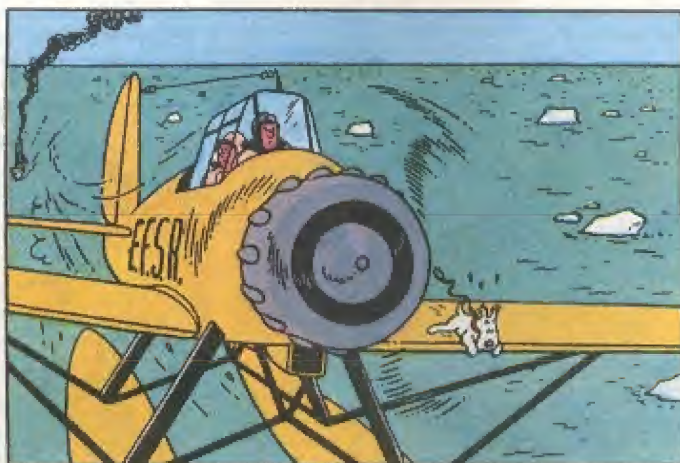




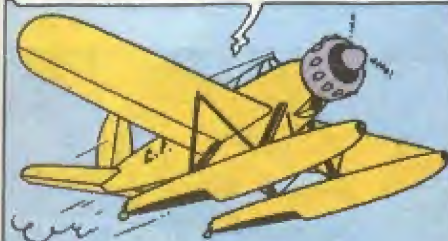




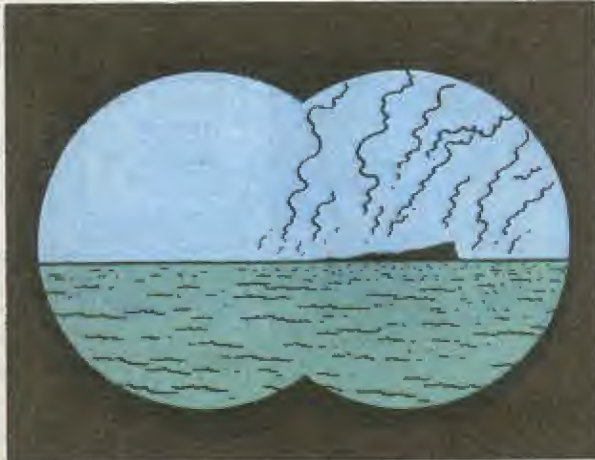




There isn't a single iceberg in sight, and the cloud of vapour is much nearer. We certainly can't be very far away now.



The meteorite! There's the meteorite!



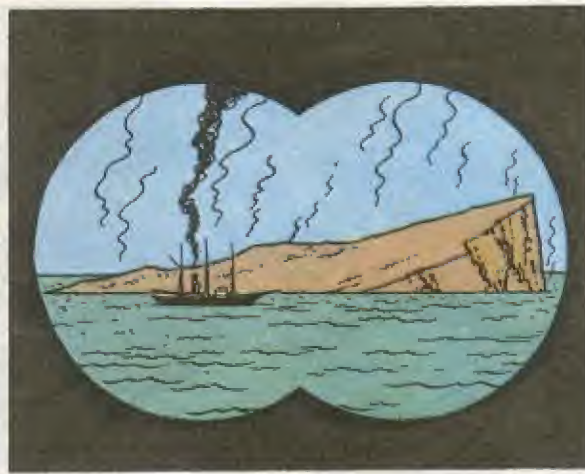
Hello... Tintin here... We can see the meteorite!!



Really? You mean that? ... You can see the meteorite! ... Hooray! ... What's it like?



It forms an island, sloping gently towards the west, and ... Great snakes! ... The "Peary" has beaten us to it!



The "Peary" has beaten them to it.



Tell me... I suppose their flag is already flying from the top of the meteorite?



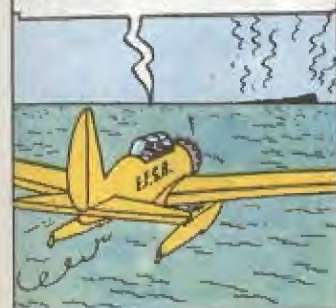
Their flag?... Wait ... No, I can't see a flag...



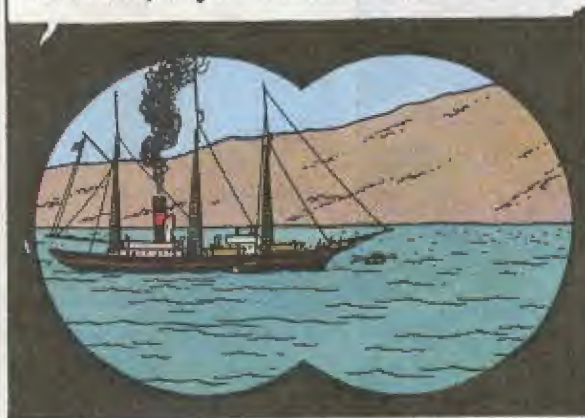
Hooray! Then there's still hope!

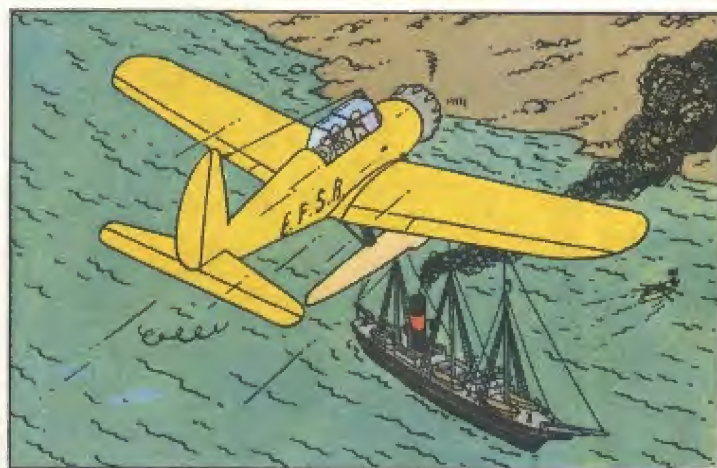


Perhaps, I can just make out what's happening aboard the "Peary"... it looks as if ... as if ...

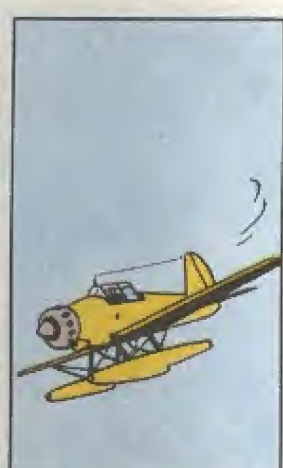
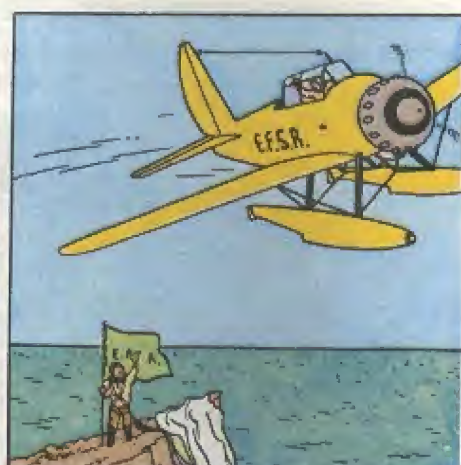


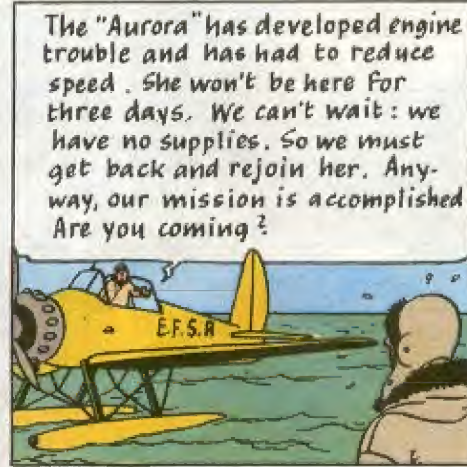
Yes... they're just lowering a boat...



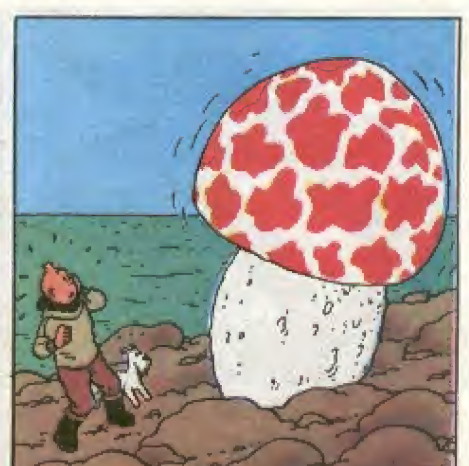


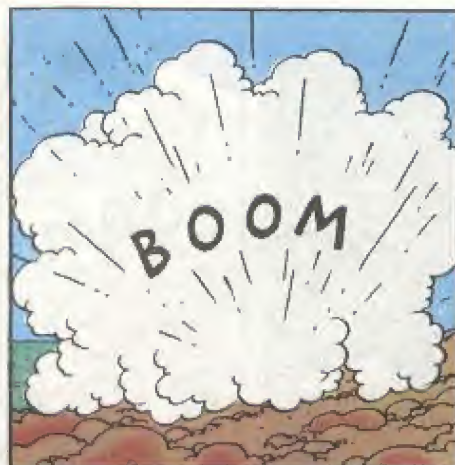






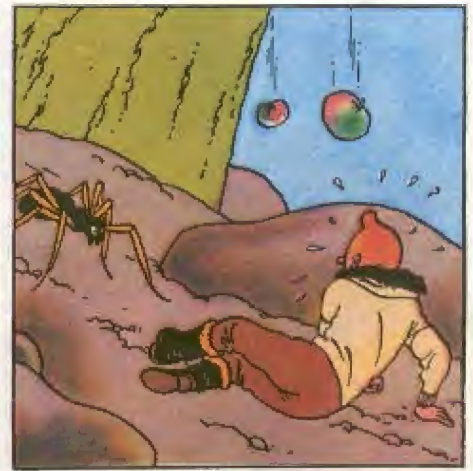
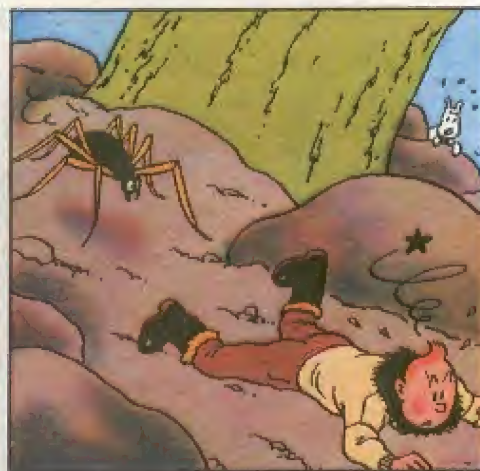
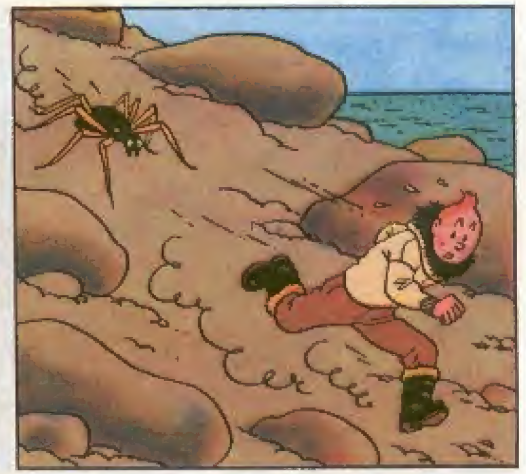










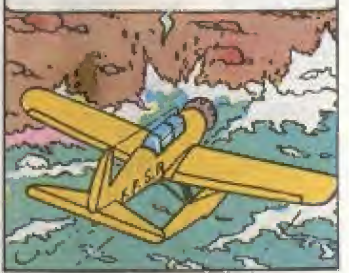




Whew! that was close! Thank goodness for the apple tree!



Hello? Hello?... The meteorite has just been shaken by an earthquake. The whole thing has tilted over, and is sinking slowly into the sea.

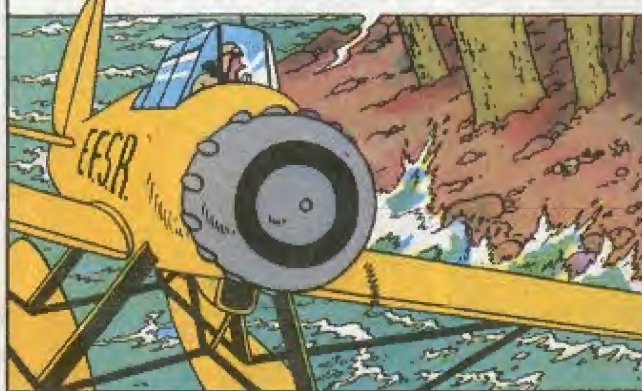


What did you say?... An earthquake?... The meteorite is sinking?... What about Tintin? Where is he?

We're losing the meteorite?



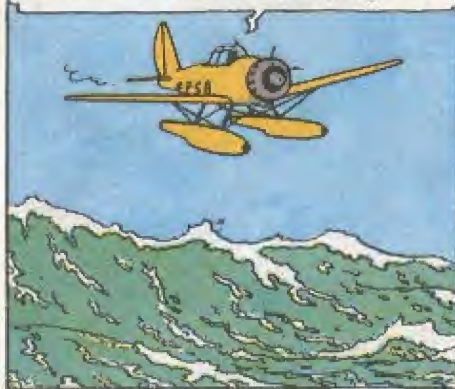
Can't see him... Oh, yes... He's lying at the foot of an enormous tree, quite still. The water will soon reach him.



Try to land!... Tintin must be saved!



Impossible to get down, Captain. The sea's absolutely raging!



Tintin!... Tintin!... Wake up!



Not a flicker. And the water's still rising!... What can I do?

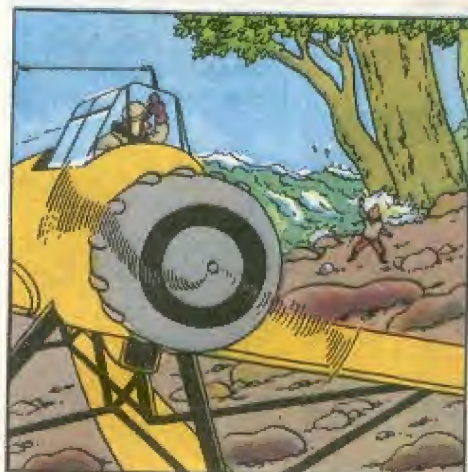


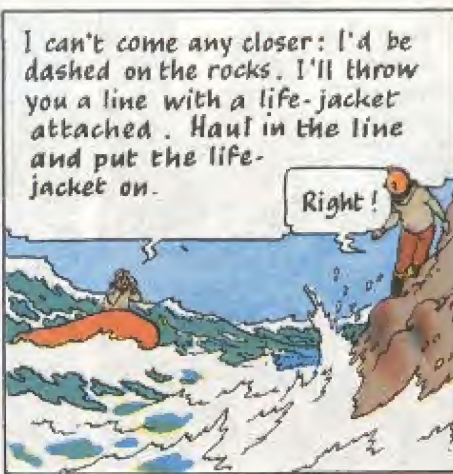
WOOAH!... WOOAH!...

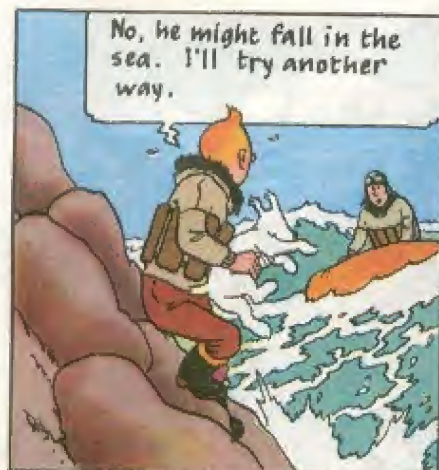
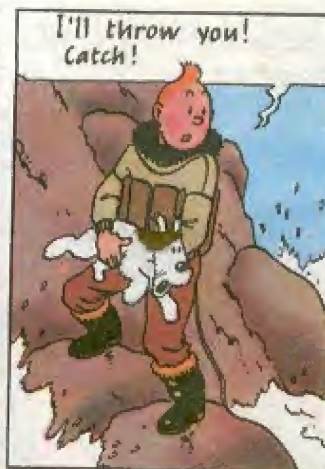


It's no good!... But he simply must come round!











Got you!



Safe at last!
Now, let's get out
of here, fast!



What an idiot
I am!



?



What are you doing?
It's madness to go back!



For heaven's sake come back!
You'll go down with the meteorite!



We must have a lump of the mineral...
for Professor Phostle. Otherwise
all our efforts will have been wasted!



Quick!... Catch!



Tintin!... I
can't see Tintin!





Some weeks later...

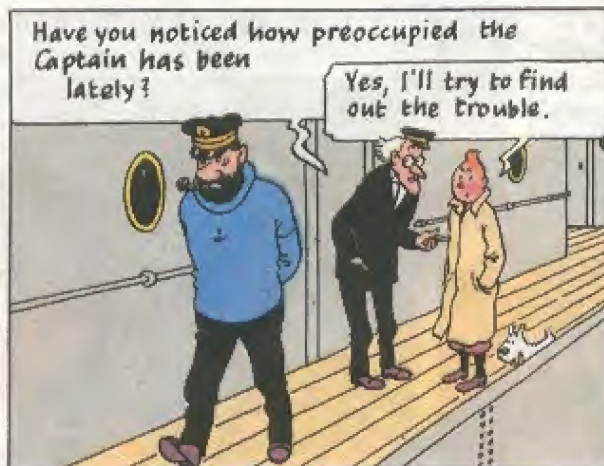
The polar research ship "Aurora", which sailed in search of the meteorite that fell in the Arctic, will soon be back in home waters. The expedition succeeded in finding the meteorite, just before it was submerged by the waves - probably as a result of some underwater upheaval.

Happily, thanks to the courage and presence of mind shown by the young reporter Tintin, alone on the island at the very moment...

...when it was engulfed by the sea, it was possible to save a lump of the metal divined in the meteorite by Professor Phostle. Members of the expedition have already verified the remarkable properties of the metal; examination of it will undoubtedly be of extraordinary scientific interest. We may therefore look forward to more sensational disclosures.



It is now known that certain incidents that occurred during the voyage of the "Aurora" were unquestionably deliberate acts of sabotage designed to cripple the expedition. Those responsible will soon be exposed, and their leader unmasked. This master criminal is reported to be a powerful São Rico financier. He will shortly be brought to justice.



Yes, I'll try to find out the trouble.



Why?...Are we out of fuel-oil?



MEET
THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN

THE SHOOTING STAR

